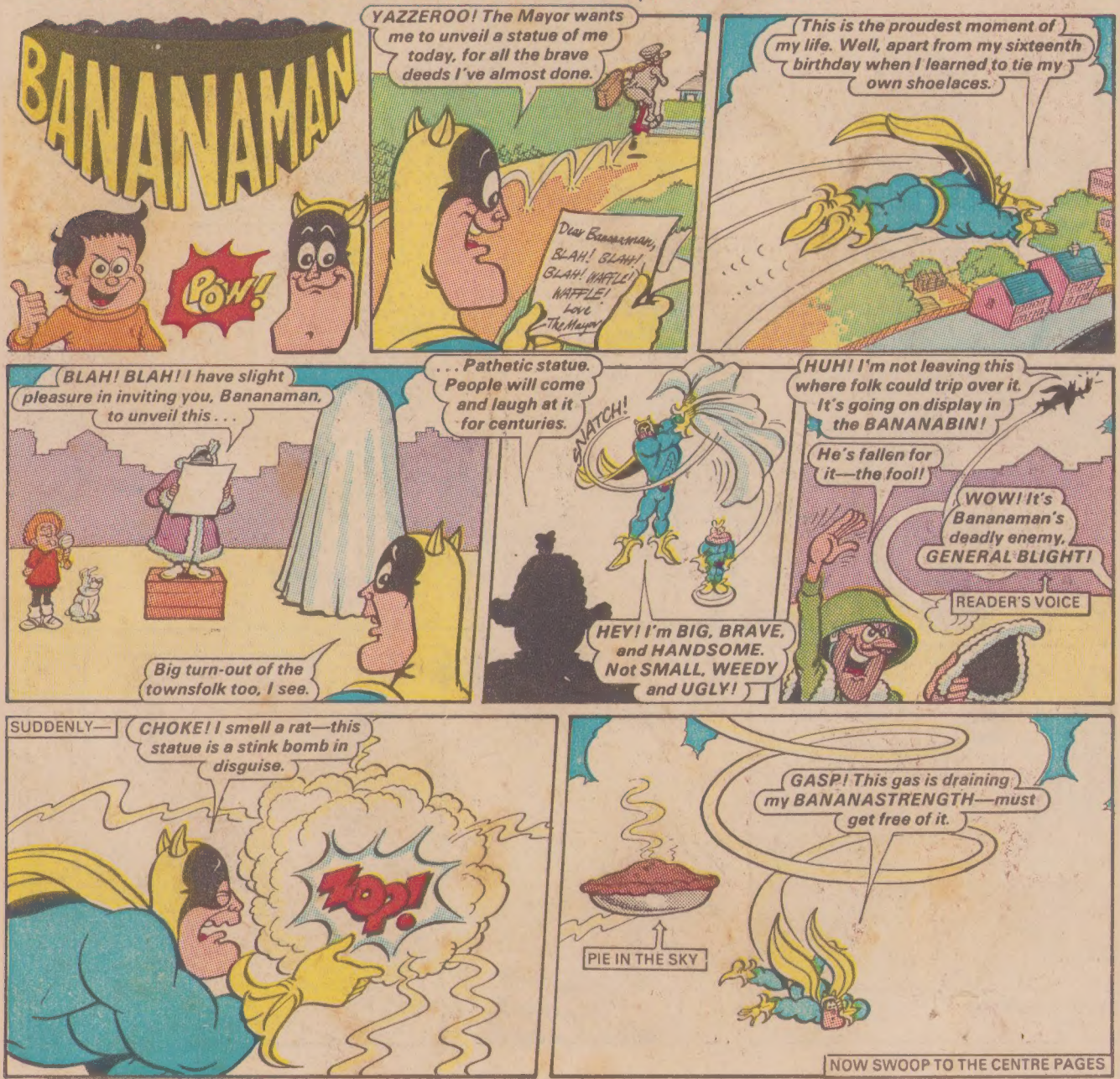
BANANAMAN T-SHIRTS TO BE WON! SEE PAGE 14

NUTTY

IR 23p (Inc. VAT)

No. 192 October 15th, 1983 EVERY SATURDAY 16p

AMAZING CHANGES OCCUR WHEN ORDINARY SCHOOLBOY, ERIC WIMP, MUNCHES A BANANA AND BECOMES . . .


BANANAMAN
POW!
YAZZEROO! The Mayor wants me to unveil a statue of me today, for all the brave deeds I've almost done.
Dear Bananaman, BLAH! BLAH! BLAH! WAFFLE! WAFFLE! Love The Mayor
This is the proudest moment of my life. Well, apart from my sixteenth birthday when I learned to tie my own shoelaces.
BLAH! BLAH! I have slight pleasure in inviting you, Bananaman, to unveil this . . .
Big turn-out of the townsfolk too, I see.
. . . Pathetic statue. People will come and laugh at it for centuries.
SNATCH!
HEY! I'm BIG, BRAVE, and HANDSOME. Not SMALL, WEEDY and UGLY!
HUH! I'm not leaving this where folk could trip over it. It's going on display in the BANANABIN!
He's fallen for it—the fool!
WOW! It's Bananaman's deadly enemy, GENERAL BLIGHT!
READER'S VOICE
SUDDENLY—
CHOKE! I smell a rat—this statue is a stink bomb in disguise.
KOP!
GASP! This gas is draining my BANANASTRENGTH—must get free of it.
PIE IN THE SKY
NOW SWOOP TO THE CENTRE PAGES

JAY R. HOOD

HE'S ANYTHING BUT GOOD!

You've been practising high-jumping for days, Jay R. What's the idea?

You'll see!

LATER—

I like lollipops!

HEY!

Watch it, Jay R. He's got a big brother!

SNATCH!

BAWL!

HUR! HUR! Now my high jumping comes in REAL handy!

GRR!

Ho! Ho! Well done, Jay R!

Jay R will be miles away by the time Herbie gets over the fence!

SOON—

What's this?

He's grabbed my sweets, Pete!

OO-ER! Pete's the local high-jump champion!

Jay R's in real trouble this time!

HUR! HUR! I pulled a few nails out of this fence earlier!

OOF!

Ho! Ho! Jay R wins again!

AND—

WAIL! He's pinched my ice-cream, Dad!

C'MERE, YOU!

UGH! AARGH!

CRASH!

NTY. 15.10.83

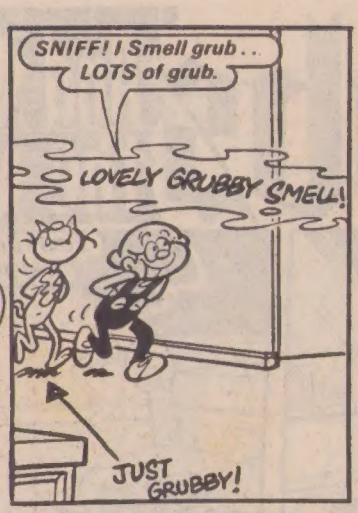
PHEE-OOW! What a PONG!

Ho! Ho! Those eggs are even more rotten than Jay R!

MOAN! GROAN!

EGGS

PETER Pest


SNIFF! I Smell grub . . LOTS of grub.
LOVELY GRUBBY SMELL!
JUST GRUBBY!

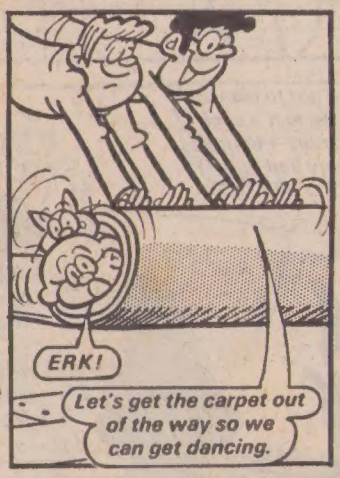
Down, Peter—this food's not for you. I'm having a party today.
Aw, Sis!
TAP!
CHEW!

SUDDENLY...
AAH! Here are my guests now.
WOW! And they're hungry—I might've GUEST!

You must be Doris's little brother—HI!
MUNCH!
OW! I hate when Doris has parties.
TOOT

YIPPEE! Who's for ginger pop?
POP!
OOYAH! Not me!

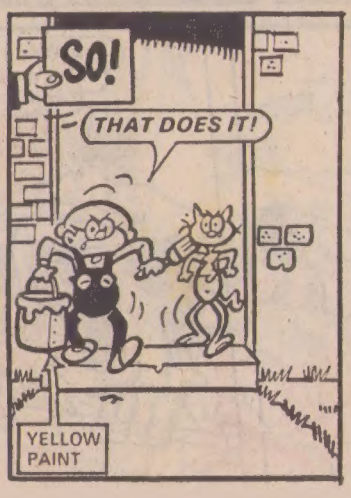
GROAN!
CORKER!


ERK!
Let's get the carpet out of the way so we can get dancing.

Everybody seems to be enjoying themselves except ME!

SOON—
Hmm! Kind of them leaving me ONE last cake.
POP

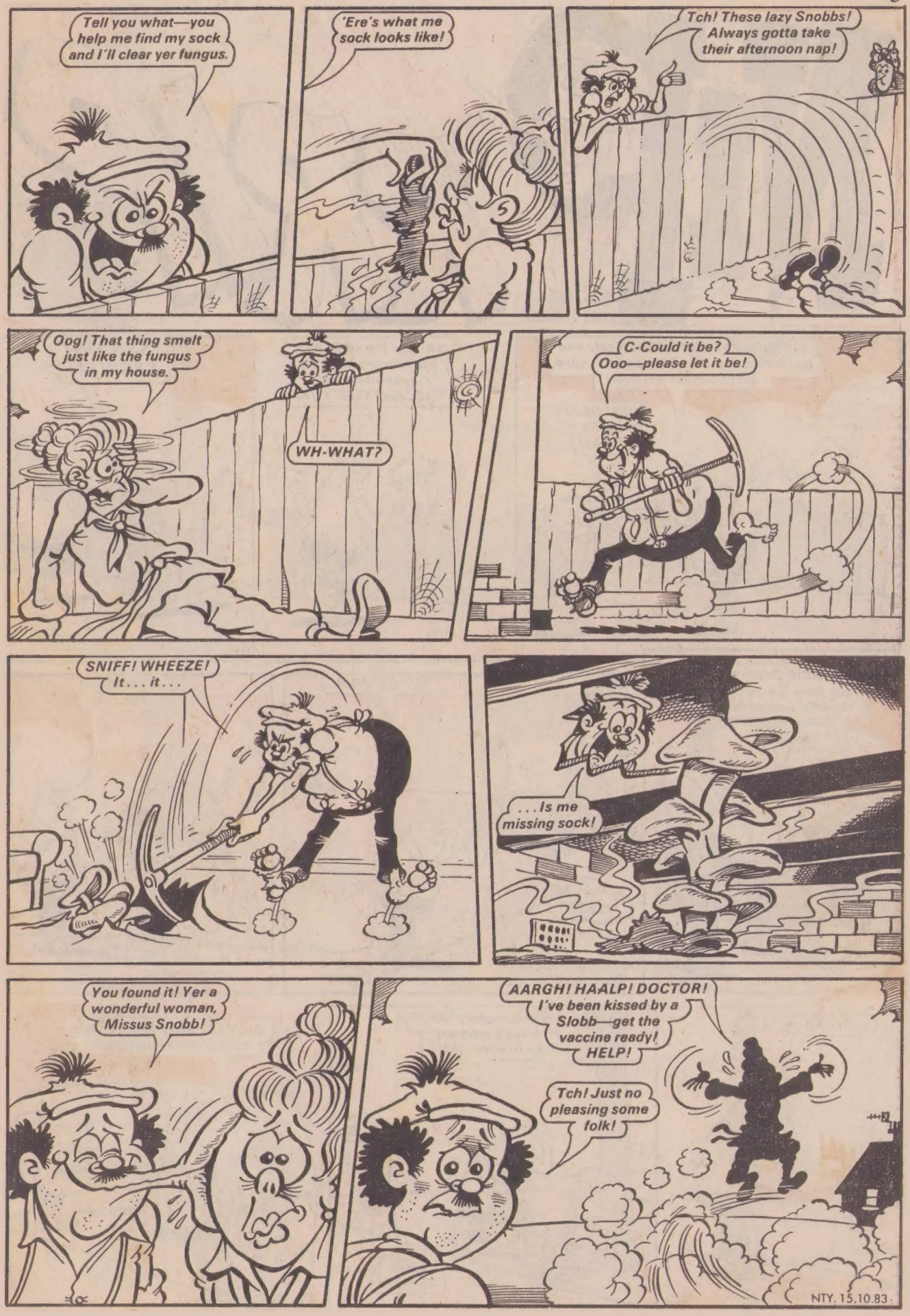
Excuse me, Sonny!
HEY!
POP
NTY. 15.10.83


SO!
THAT DOES IT!
YELLOW PAINT

Where did those yellow lines come from?
"FINE" IDEA, PEST!
HO! HO! With all their parking fines I'll be able to buy my own grub.

The Snobbs And the SLOBBS

IN THE PALACE OF THE SNOBBS—
How jolly fine it is to live in a lovely clean house.
SCWEAM! How did that get there?
HAALP! EEK! It's disgusting! You must help me, Mr Slobb!
What's up, frilly drawers? 'As yer budgie been a naughty boy again?
There's a horrible smelly fungus growing in my living room! Sob! And my husband is away from home.
Congratulations, Ducks! Got rid of the old moan at last did you?
Eh?
Well, I'm not helping yer! I'm in a bad mood.
You've got to excuse him. He lost a sock yesterday—taking it very bad 'e is.
Sniff! The poor little fella 'as never been away from Daddy in forty-three years.
He was playing football with the kids—his sock flew off and he can't find it.
You think you've got problems? What's a little lump o' fungus compared to my sock?
NTY. 15.10.83


Tell you what—you help me find my sock and I'll clear yer fungus.
'Ere's what me sock looks like!
Tch! These lazy Snobbs! Always gotta take their afternoon nap!
Oog! That thing smelt just like the fungus in my house.
WH-WHAT?
C-Could it be? Ooo—please let it be!
SNIFF! WHEEZE! It... it...
...Is me missing sock!
You found it! Yer a wonderful woman, Missus Snobb!
AARGH! HAALP! DOCTOR! I've been kissed by a Slobb—get the vaccine ready! HELP!
Tch! Just no pleasing some folk!
NTY. 15.10.83.

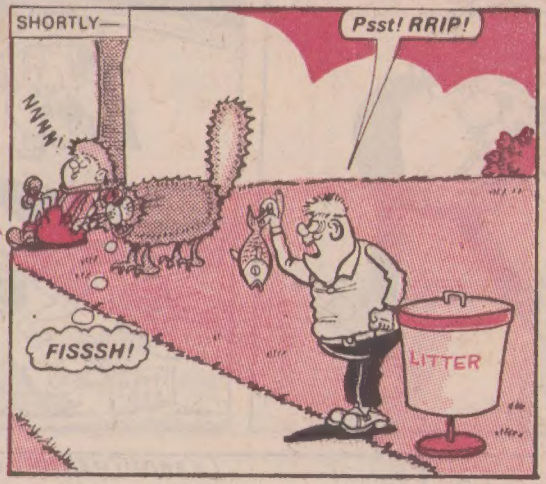
NIP and RRIP

I'm having a collection of sweets and pocket money. It's all for a good cause. ME! So hand 'em over!
ULP! Okay, Bully Binks!

Ah, Nip. I'm sure you'd like to contribute. Or maybe you'd like a black eye? YUK! YUK!

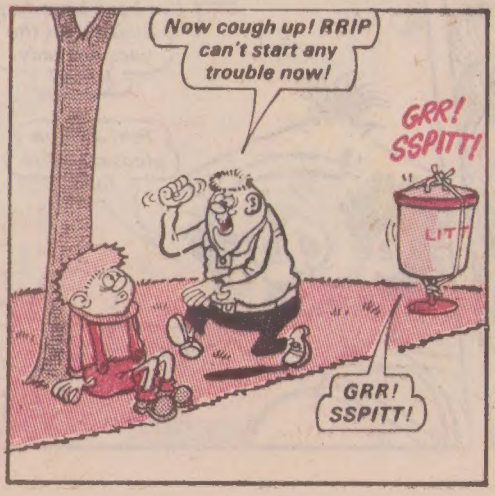
SSSNARL! SSSPITT!
AAIEE!

Ho! Ho! RRIP'S torn his pocket out. Now we can return the kids' pocket money!
HELP!

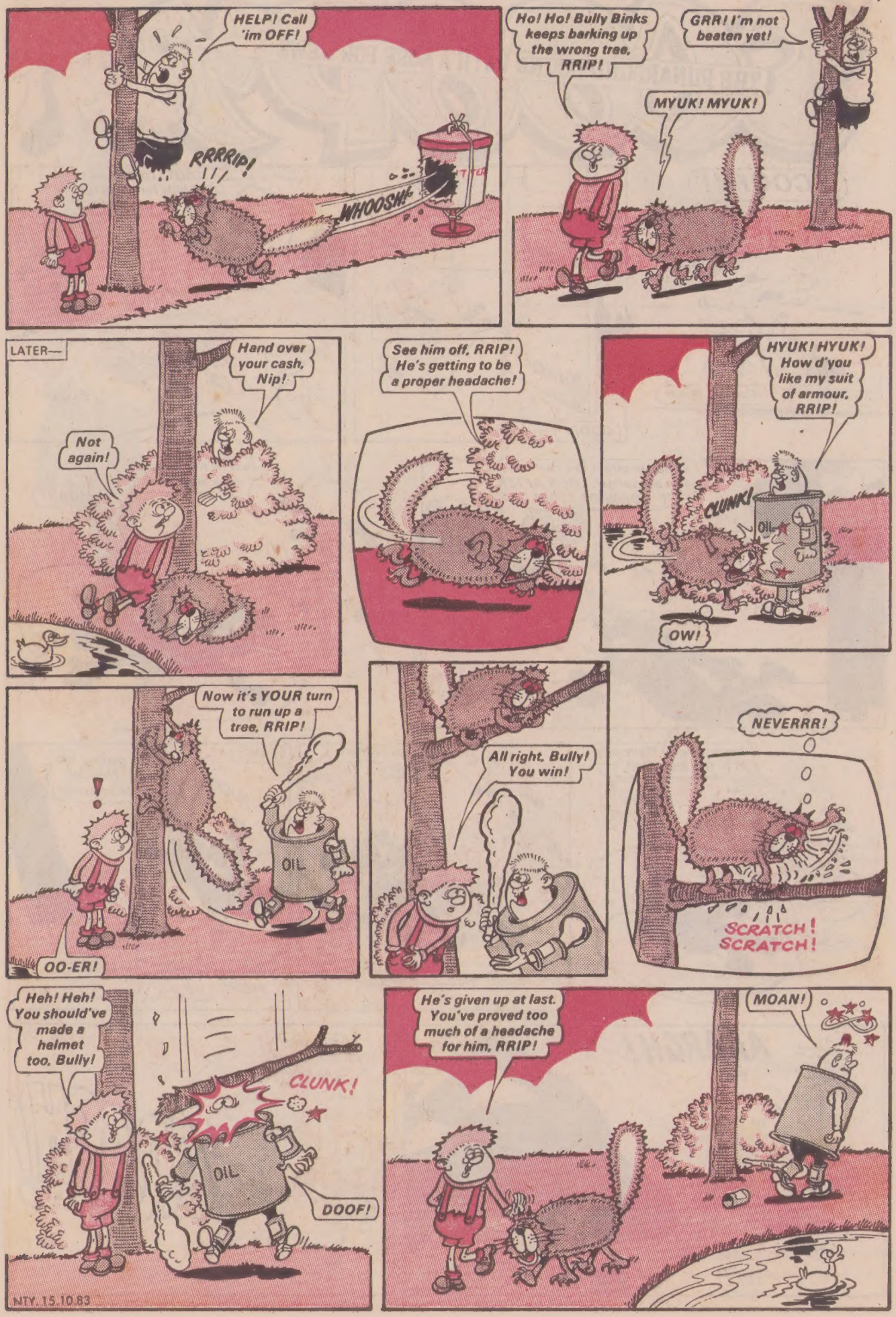

SHORTLY—
Psst! RRIP!
NNNN!
FISSSH!
LITTER

It's in there! Fetch it!
LITTER
YUMMY!

GOTCHA!
SLAM!
LITTER
HEY!
NTY. 15.10.83

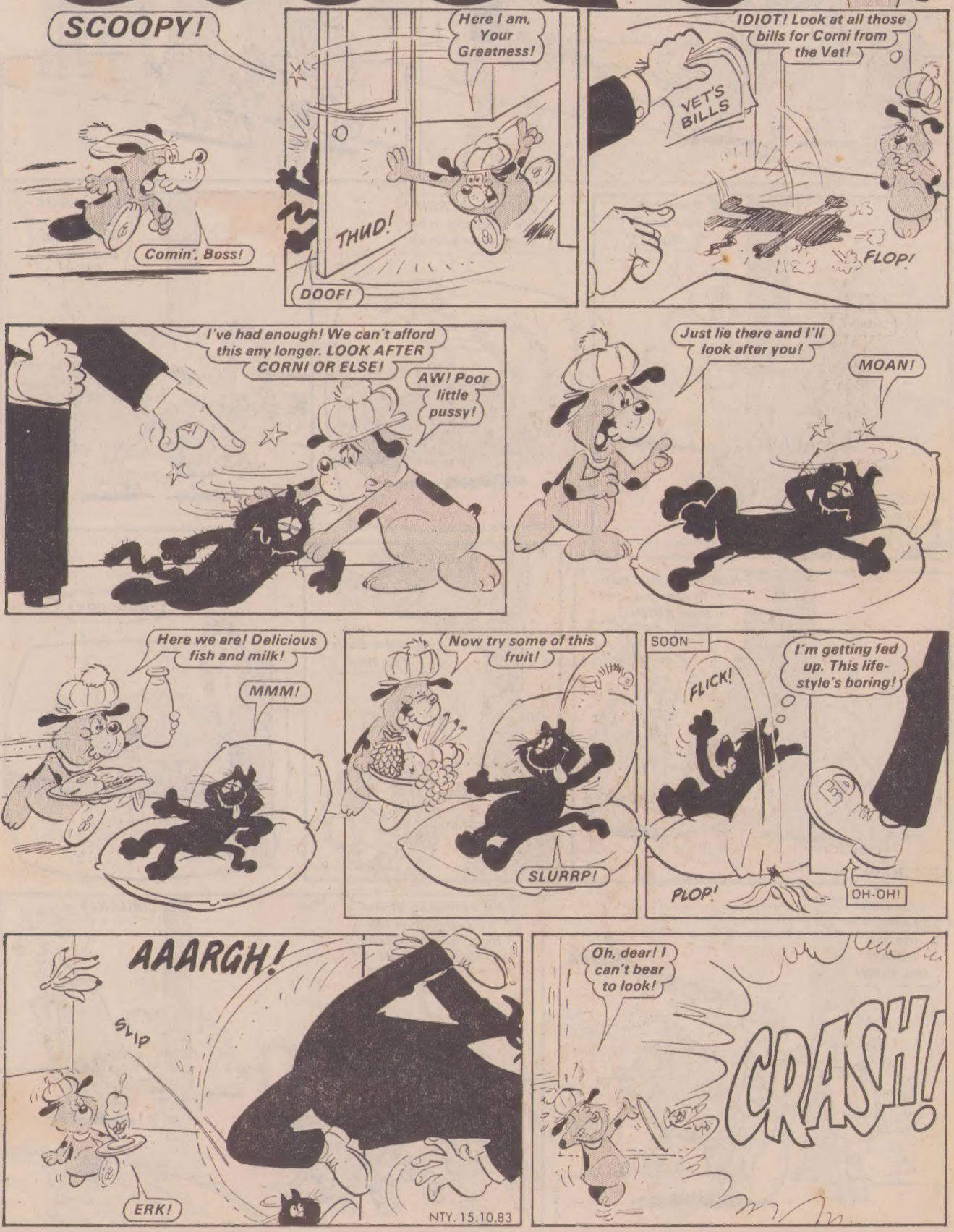

Now cough up! RRIP can't start any trouble now!
GRR! SSPITT!
GRR! SSPITT!

OH, YES? RRIP likes to start from scratch! Heh! Heh!
ERK!
SCRATCH!
RRRIP!
SCRATCH!

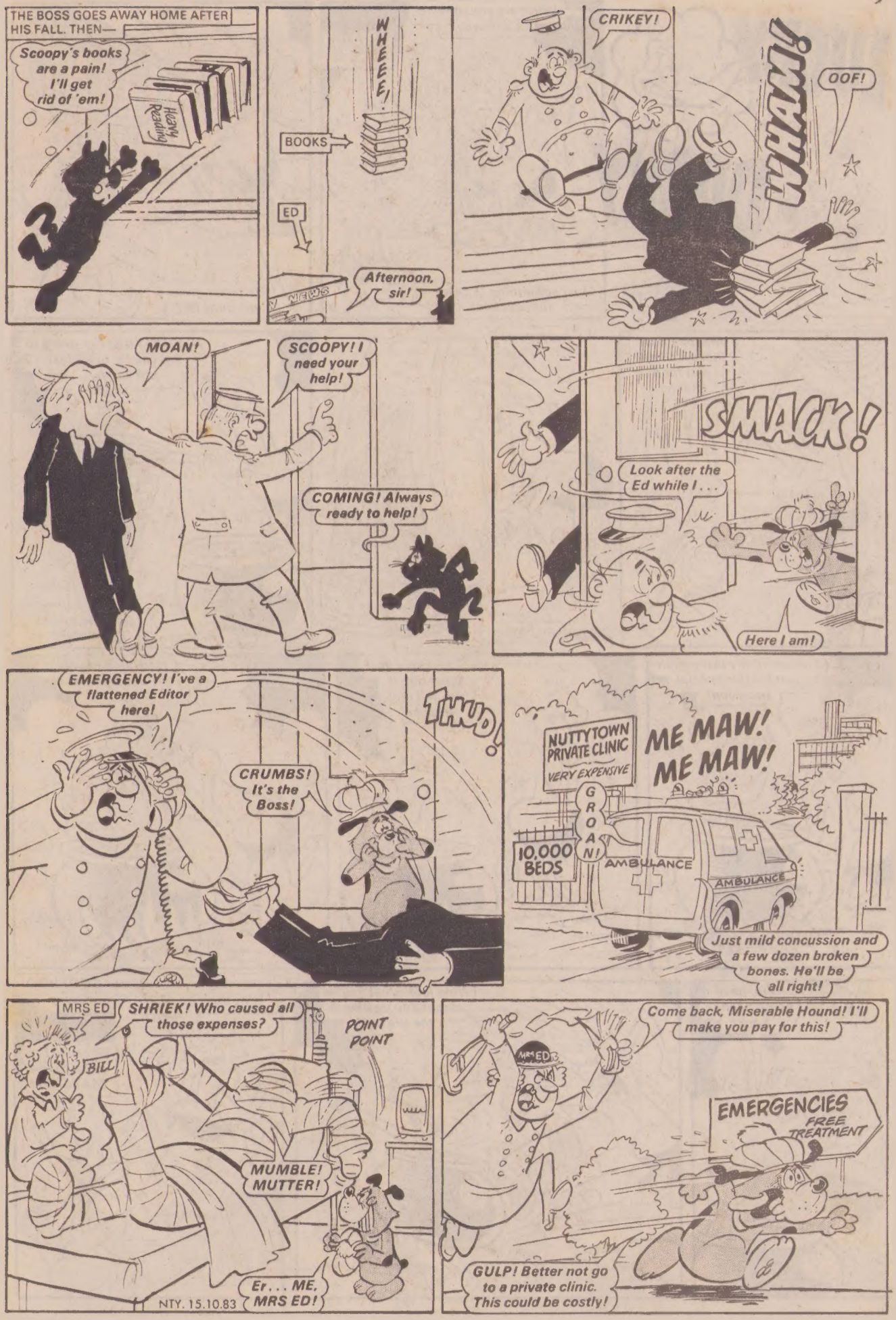

HELP! Call 'im OFF!
RRRRIP!
WHOOSH!
Ho! Ho! Bully Binks keeps barking up the wrong tree, RRIP!
GRR! I'm not beaten yet!
MYUK! MYUK!
LATER—
Hand over your cash, Nip!
Not again!
See him off, RRIP! He's getting to be a proper headache!
HYUK! HYUK! How d'you like my suit of armour, RRIP!
CLUNK!
OIL
OW!
Now it's YOUR turn to run up a tree, RRIP!
!
OIL
OO-ER!
All right, Bully! You win!
NEVERRR!
SCRATCH! SCRATCH!
Heh! Heh! You should've made a helmet too, Bully!
CLUNK!
OIL
DOOF!
He's given up at last. You've proved too much of a headache for him, RRIP!
MOAN!
NTY. 15.10.83

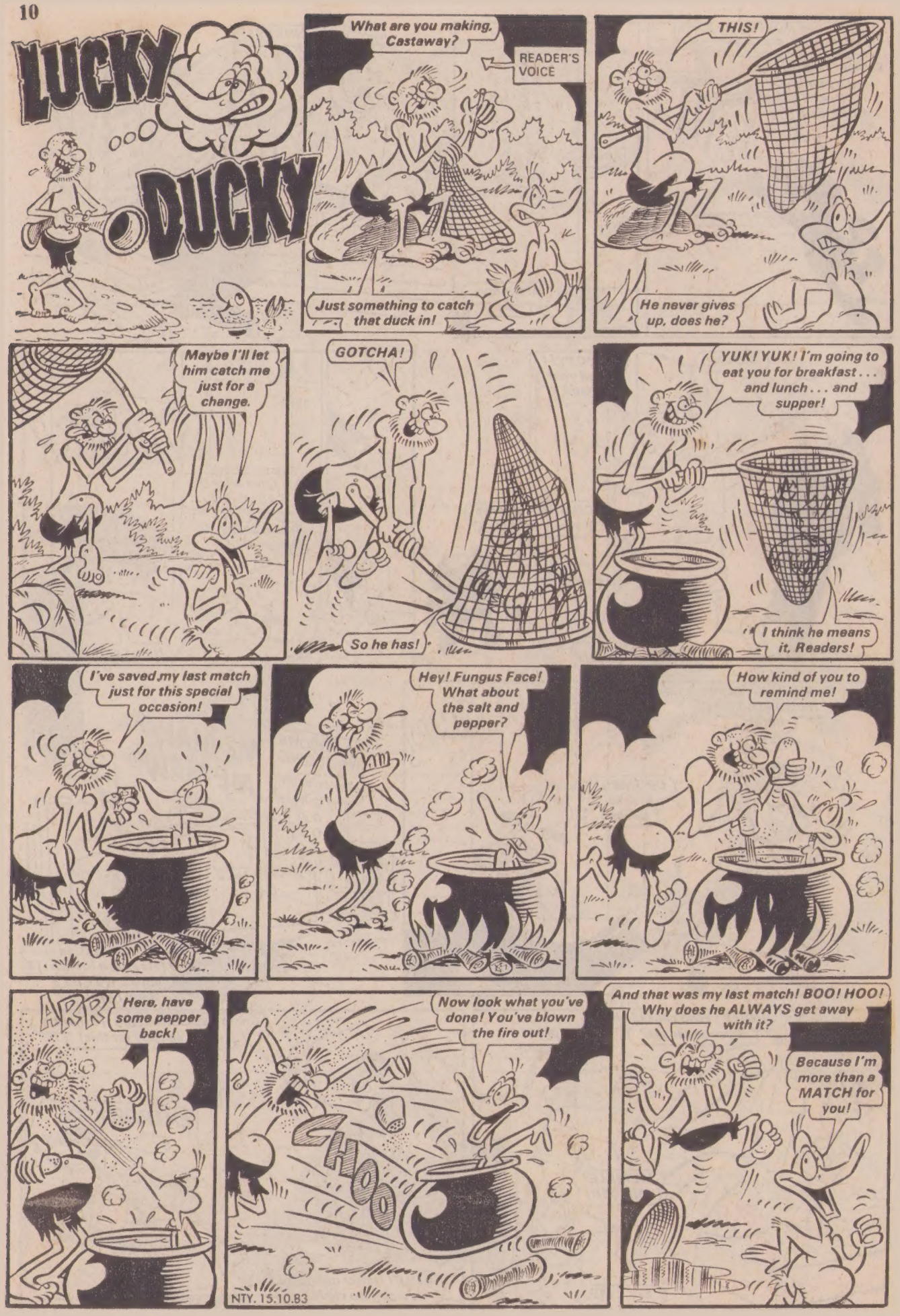
SCOOPY

THE RUNAROUND HOUND WITH A NOSE FOR NEWS

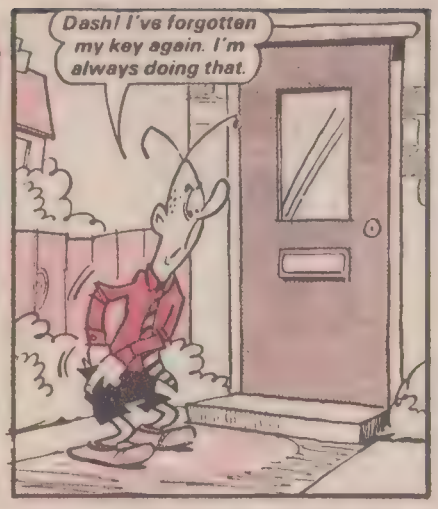


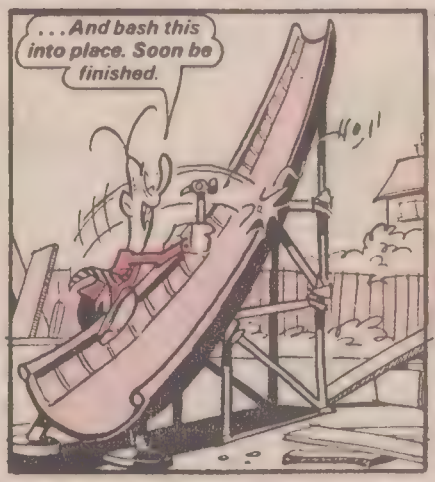
NTY. 15.10.83

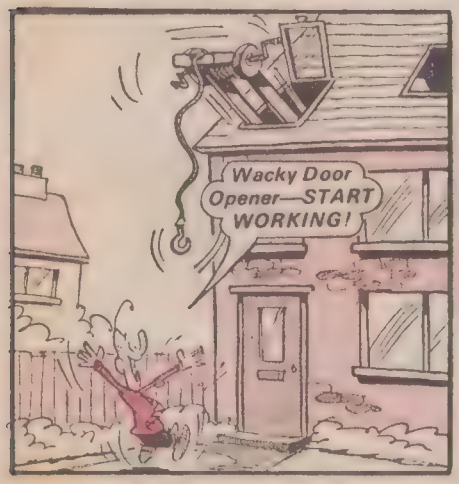

THE BOSS GOES AWAY HOME AFTER HIS FALL. THEN—
Scoopy's books are a pain! I'll get rid of 'em!
Heavy Reading
WHEEE!
BOOKS
ED
Afternoon, sir!
NEWS
CRIKEY!
WHAM!
OOF!
MOAN!
SCOOPY! I need your help!
COMING! Always ready to help!
SMACK!
Look after the Ed while I . . .
Here I am!
EMERGENCY! I've a flattened Editor here!
THUD!
CRUMBS! It's the Boss!
NUTTYTOWN PRIVATE CLINIC
VERY EXPENSIVE
ME MAW! ME MAW!
GROAN!
10,000 BEDS
AMBULANCE
AMBULANCE
Just mild concussion and a few dozen broken bones. He'll be all right!
MRS ED
SHRIEK! Who caused all those expenses?
BILL
POINT POINT
MUMBLE! MUTTER!
Er . . . ME, MRS ED!
NTY. 15.10.83
Come back, Miserable Hound! I'll make you pay for this!
MRS ED
EMERGENCIES FREE TREATMENT
GULP! Better not go to a private clinic. This could be costly!

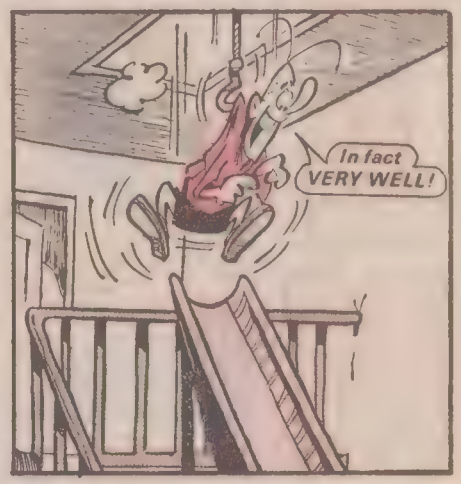

LUCKY DUCKY
What are you making, Castaway?
READER'S VOICE
Just something to catch that duck in!
THIS!
He never gives up, does he?
Maybe I'll let him catch me just for a change.
GOTCHA!
So he has!
YUK! YUK! I'm going to eat you for breakfast . . . and lunch . . . and supper!
I think he means it, Readers!
I've saved my last match just for this special occasion!
Hey! Fungus Face! What about the salt and pepper?
How kind of you to remind me!
ARR
Here, have some pepper back!
Now look what you've done! You've blown the fire out!
CHOO
NTY. 15.10.83
And that was my last match! BOO! HOO! Why does he ALWAYS get away with it?
Because I'm more than a MATCH for you!

WACKY the CRACKPOT INVENTOR









BANANAMAN

CONTINUED FROM FRONT COVER—

I'll de-pong myself in this car wash. SPLUTTER!

HOI! I'm before you, especially seein' as you ain't even got a CAR with you.

WOO! HAA! These brushes are tickly on the Banana armpits!

READER'S VOICE

Funny looking waxworks—it's not even spelt right!

WACK'S WORKS

Hmm! I bet this place would just LOVE to have a model of ME on display.

Just stand against that wall, sir.

Certainly! I must say this IS exciting.

THE LIGHTS GO ON—

ANOTHER DEADLY ENEMY

COO, CAPTAIN CREAM! Are you going to be a model too?

No, Gumboil! I've lured you into this place to do you a horrible nasty.

General Blight's stink bomb plan didn't work but THIS will. HAR! HAR!

SPLUDGE!

You'll never get away with . . . BLUGH! Well maybe you will. GROOGH!

That quick-setting cream will be hard as cement in a few moments. You're DOOMED, Bananaman.

I know!

This is a job for the BANANATONGUE—I'll LICK my way out.

I'll save you, Boss.

UGH! Tastes like Pa Slobb's socks—I can't lick that!

BLEGH! That's gratitude for you.

PHTOOM!

SUDDENLY—

I can't see a thing—except for that C-CAT!

THE EVIL WONDERMOGGIE

CACKLE! I'm coming to EAT you, Crow.

HOWEVER—

Wait a minute! I smell CREAM!

SQUAWK!

OOH. Your tongue's rough. AAH!

There's plenty more cream for you in his gun, Puss!

Is that so?

No, no—it's only a rumour.

SHOO! VAMOOSE!

SPLAT!

SLURPH! More cream. More cream!

SOON BACK HOME

It's the Mayor—you've to go round to his house at once.

AHA! So I'm to get an award after all — serves me right.

Yes, just as I'd heard—the strongest, most tireless arms in the world.

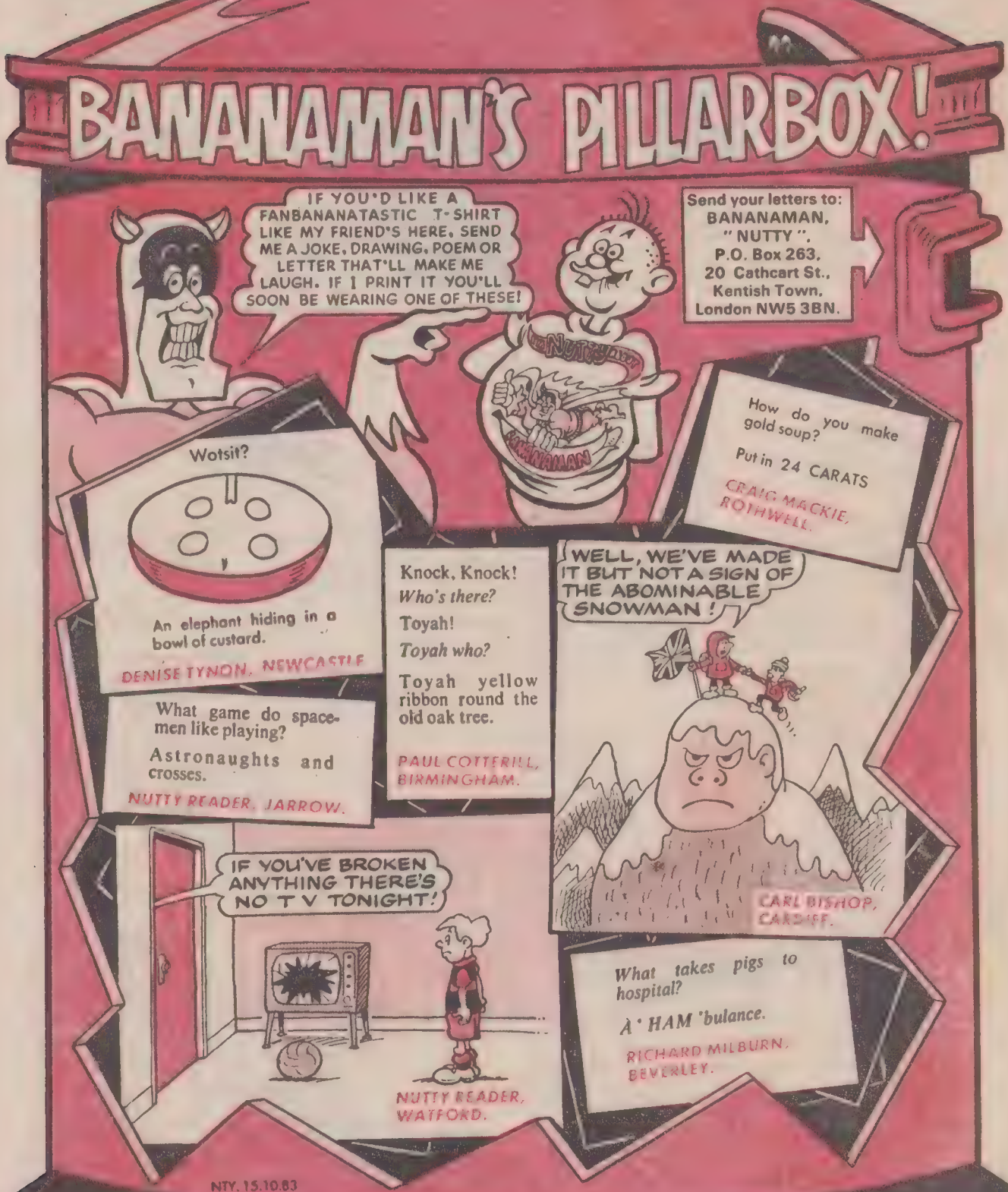
That's them, Your Mayorfulness.

Yes, he's wonderful, Dear—I'll be finished knitting your jumper in no time.

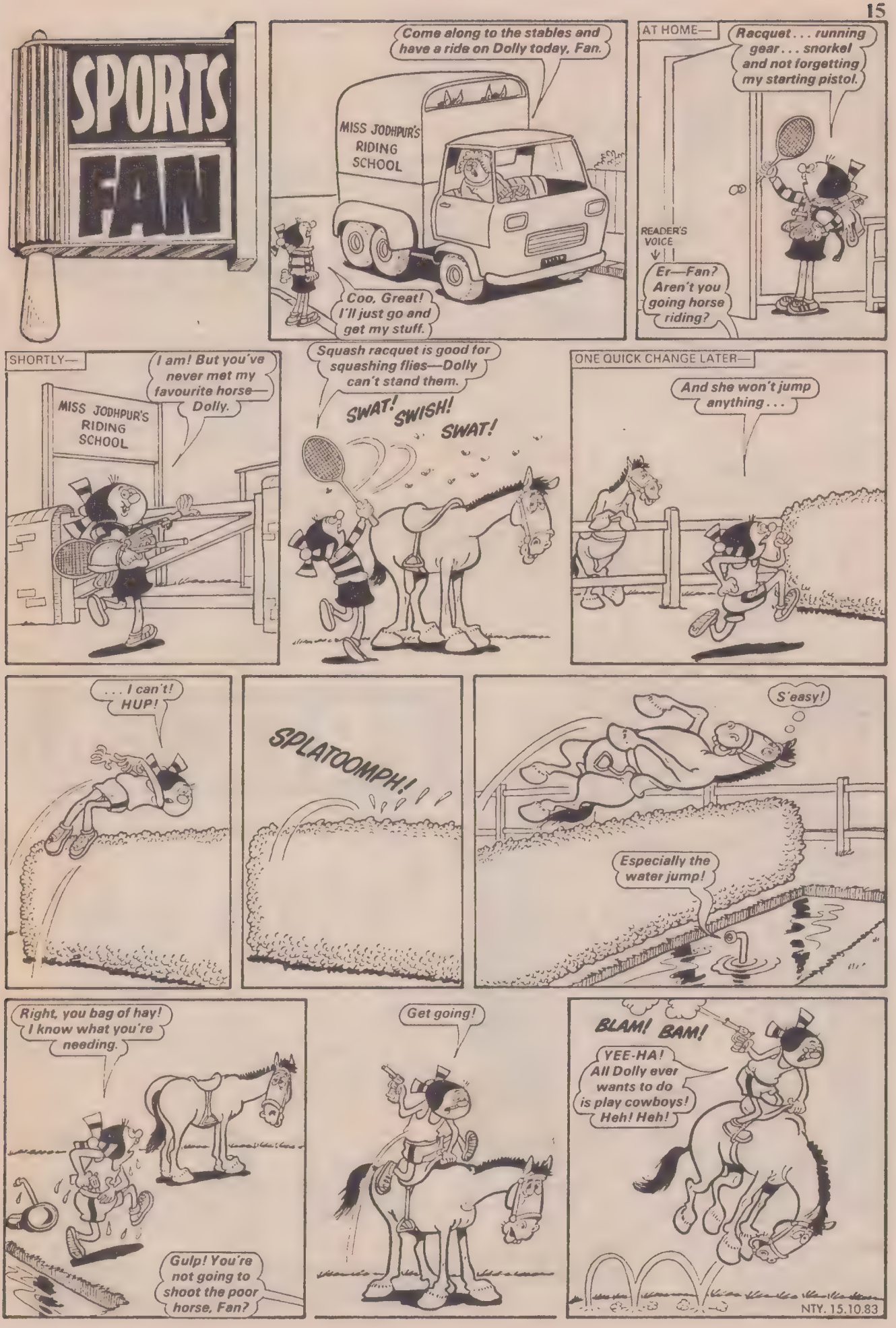
I wouldn't do this as a WOOL, Readers but she's knitting me a BANANAHAT with a pompom next.

NTY. 15.10.83

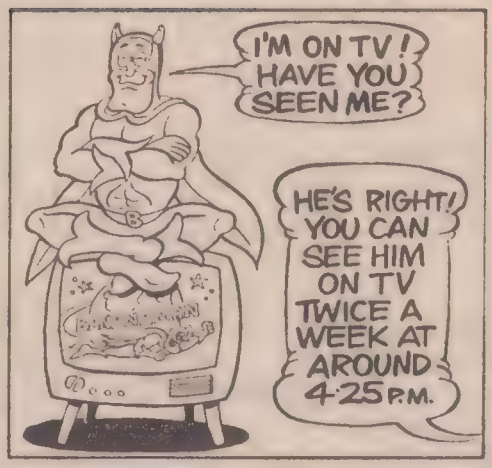
BANANAMAN'S PILLARBOX!

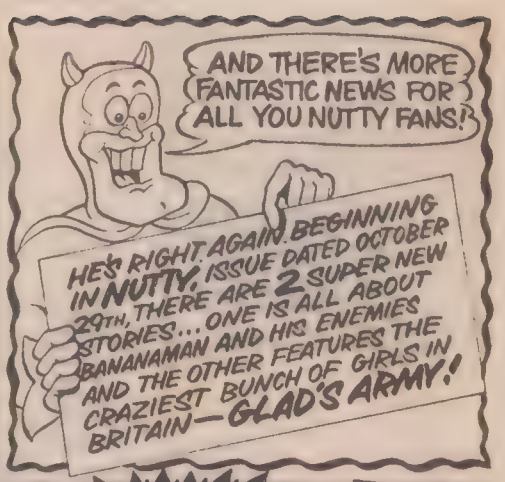

IF YOU'D LIKE A FANBANANATASTIC T-SHIRT LIKE MY FRIEND'S HERE, SEND ME A JOKE, DRAWING, POEM OR LETTER THAT'LL MAKE ME LAUGH. IF I PRINT IT YOU'LL SOON BE WEARING ONE OF THESE!
Send your letters to: BANANAMAN, " NUTTY ", P.O. Box 263, 20 Cathcart St., Kentish Town, London NW5 3BN.
Wotsit?
An elephant hiding in a bowl of custard.
DENISE TYNON, NEWCASTLE
How do you make gold soup?
Put in 24 CARATS
CRAIG MACKIE, ROTHWELL.
What game do spacemen like playing?
Astronaughts and crosses.
NUTTY READER, JARROW.
Knock, Knock!
Who's there?
Toyah!
Toyah who?
Toyah yellow ribbon round the old oak tree.
PAUL COTTERILL, BIRMINGHAM.
WELL, WE'VE MADE IT BUT NOT A SIGN OF THE ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN!
CARL BISHOP, CARDIFF.
IF YOU'VE BROKEN ANYTHING THERE'S NO T V TONIGHT!
NUTTY READER, WATFORD.
What takes pigs to hospital?
A HAM 'bulance.
RICHARD MILBURN, BEVERLEY.
NTY. 15.10.83

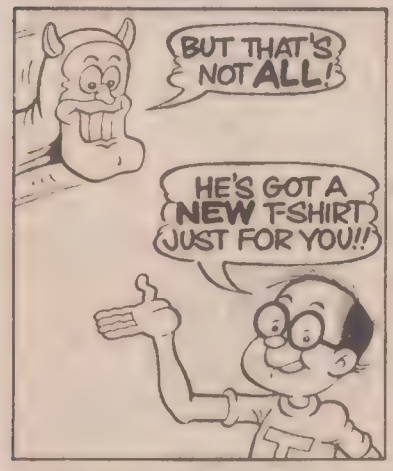
P.S. DON'T FORGET TO INCLUDE YOUR NAME, ADDRESS AND T-SHIRT SIZE (IN BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE) WITH YOUR LETTER!

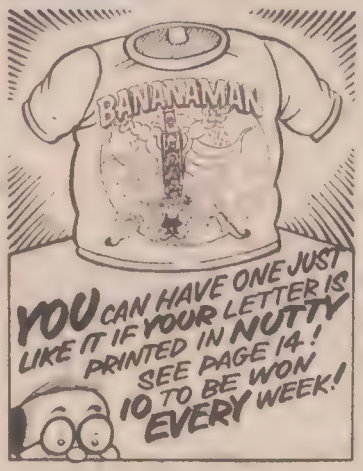

SPORTS FAN
Come along to the stables and have a ride on Dolly today, Fan.
MISS JODHPUR'S RIDING SCHOOL
Coo, Great! I'll just go and get my stuff.
AT HOME—
Racquet... running gear... snorkel and not forgetting my starting pistol.
READER'S VOICE
Er—Fan? Aren't you going horse riding?
SHORTLY—
I am! But you've never met my favourite horse—Dolly.
MISS JODHPUR'S RIDING SCHOOL
Squash racquet is good for squashing flies—Dolly can't stand them.
SWAT! SWISH! SWAT!
ONE QUICK CHANGE LATER—
And she won't jump anything...
...I can't! HUP!
SPLATOOMPH!
S'easy!
Especially the water jump!
Right, you bag of hay! I know what you're needing.
Gulp! You're not going to shoot the poor horse, Fan?
Get going!
BLAM! BAM!
YEE-HA! All Dolly ever wants to do is play cowboys! Heh! Heh!
NTY. 15.10.83

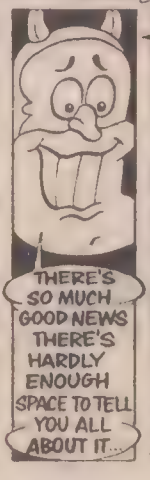
FANTASTIC NEWS
I'M A STAR


I'M ON TV! HAVE YOU SEEN ME?
HE'S RIGHT! YOU CAN SEE HIM ON TV TWICE A WEEK AT AROUND 4·25 P.M.


AND THERE'S MORE FANTASTIC NEWS FOR ALL YOU NUTTY FANS!
HE'S RIGHT AGAIN. BEGINNING IN NUTTY, ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 29TH, THERE ARE 2 SUPER NEW STORIES... ONE IS ALL ABOUT BANANAMAN AND HIS ENEMIES AND THE OTHER FEATURES THE CRAZIEST BUNCH OF GIRLS IN BRITAIN—GLAD'S ARMY!


BUT THAT'S NOT ALL!
HE'S GOT A NEW T-SHIRT JUST FOR YOU!!


BANANAMAN
YOU CAN HAVE ONE JUST LIKE IT IF YOUR LETTER IS PRINTED IN NUTTY SEE PAGE 14! 10 TO BE WON EVERY WEEK!


THERE'S SO MUCH GOOD NEWS THERE'S HARDLY ENOUGH SPACE TO TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT...

FREE IN NUTTY ISSUE DATED OCTOBER 29TH
A BUMPER ALL COLOUR BANANAMAN POSTER (PRINTED ON BOTH SIDES)
FREE IN NUTTY ISSUE DATED NOVEMBER 5TH
A FANTASTIC BANANAMAN BUTTONHOLE BADGE
THERE'S JUST CERTAIN TO BE A RUSH FOR THESE, SO MAKE CERTAIN OF YOURS BY PLACING A REGULAR ORDER WITH YOUR NEWSAGENT NOW!

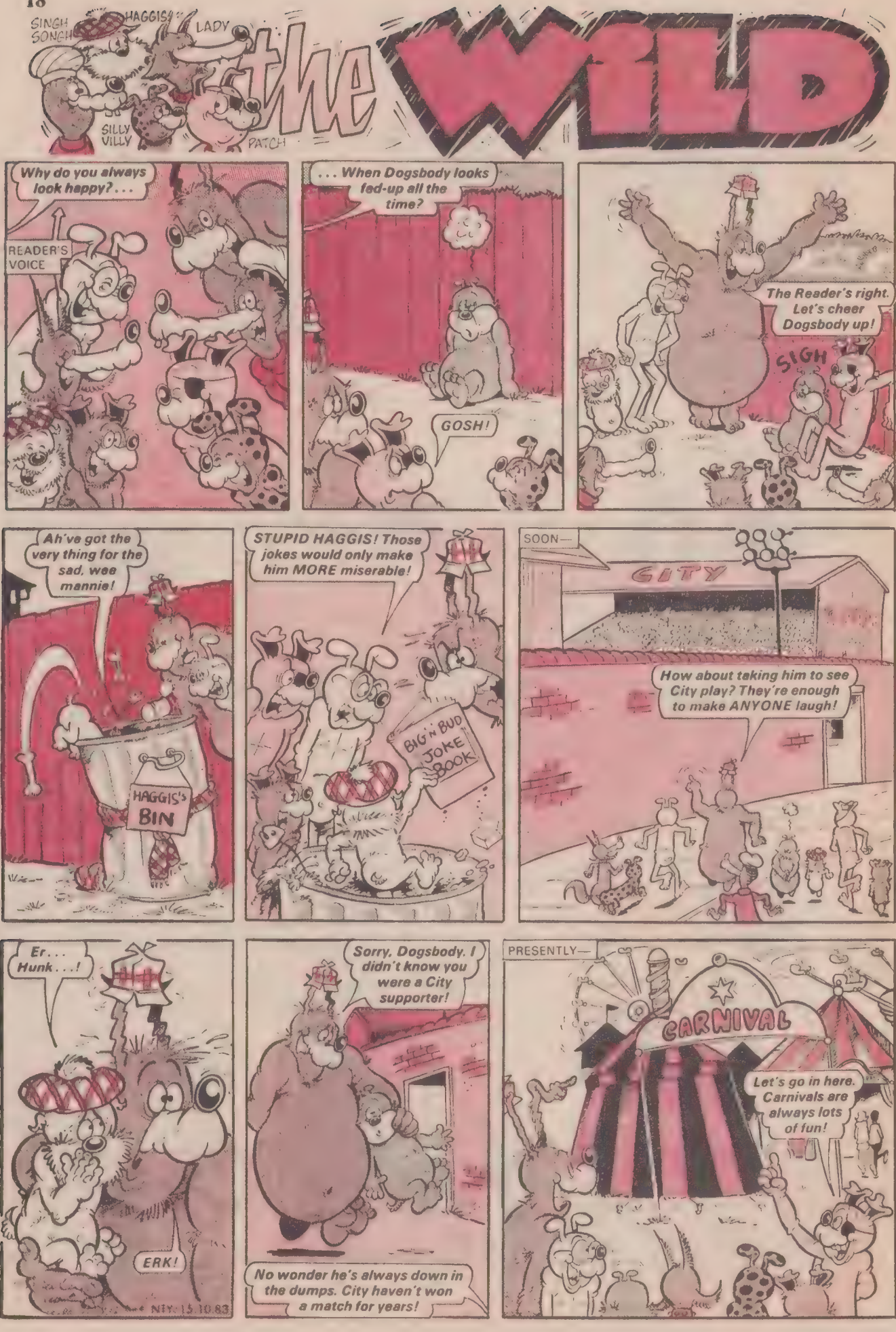
NTY. 15.10.83

WHAT A LAUGH!
The BEANO Book 1984
144 SUPER COLOUR PAGES ALL ABOUT THE FAMOUS FUN FAVOURITES FROM THE WEEKLY "BEANO"
NOW ON SALE Price £2·00

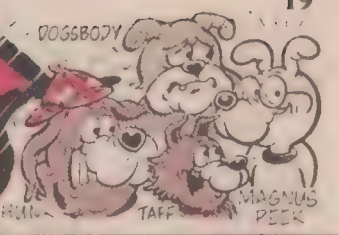
FREE FOR GIRLS!
ONE OF THESE SUPER
SPANGLE BANGLES!
with Bunty
THE PICTURE-STORY PAPER FOR GIRLS
ON SALE MONDAY, OCT 10th

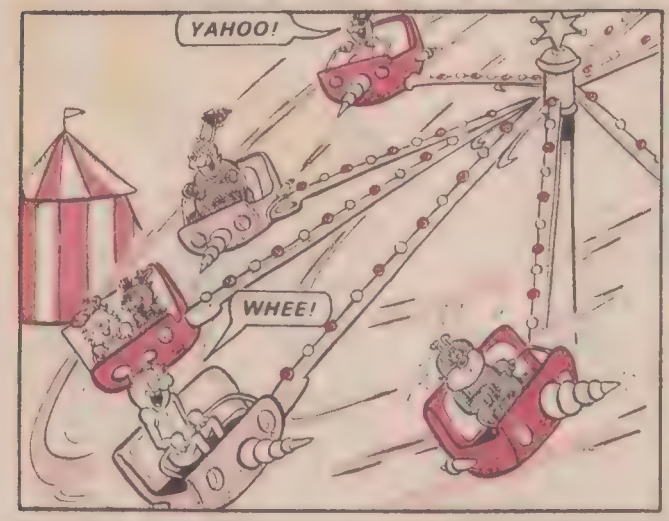
SNOOZER
ZZZ!
SNOOZER! Time to get up!
ZZZ!
I said it's TIME TO GET UP!
SNORE!
I'll be back in five minutes. You'd better be up by then!
ZZZ!
YAWN! You can come back any time but you won't get in!
CLICK!
ZZZ!
Clever of you to lock the door, but I'm going to pester you until you DO get up!
WAAGH!
There's only one thing to do. Make him THINK I'm up!
Ho! Ho!
Here I come again! I . . .
GOSH! He IS up!
AMAZING! Wonder where he is now?
ZZZ!
Ho! Ho! Well done, Snoozer! That's one place Dad'll NEVER think of looking!
READER'S VOICE
NTY. 15.10.83

the WILD


SINGH SONGH
HAGGIS
LADY
SILLY VILLY
PATCH
Why do you always look happy? . . .
READER'S VOICE
. . . When Dogsbody looks fed-up all the time?
GOSH!
The Reader's right. Let's cheer Dogsbody up!
SIGH
Ah've got the very thing for the sad, wee mannie!
HAGGIS'S BIN
STUPID HAGGIS! Those jokes would only make him MORE miserable!
BIG 'N BUD JOKE BOOK
SOON—
CITY
How about taking him to see City play? They're enough to make ANYONE laugh!
Er . . . Hunk . . . !
ERK!
NIY 15.10.83
Sorry, Dogsbody. I didn't know you were a City supporter!
No wonder he's always down in the dumps. City haven't won a match for years!
PRESENTLY—
CARNIVAL
Let's go in here. Carnivals are always lots of fun!

ROVERS

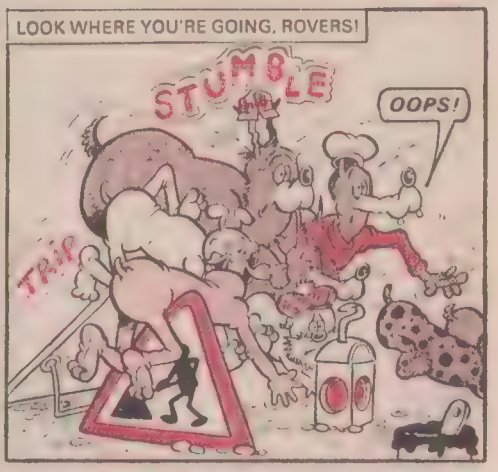

DOGGBODY
TAFF
MAGNUS PECK

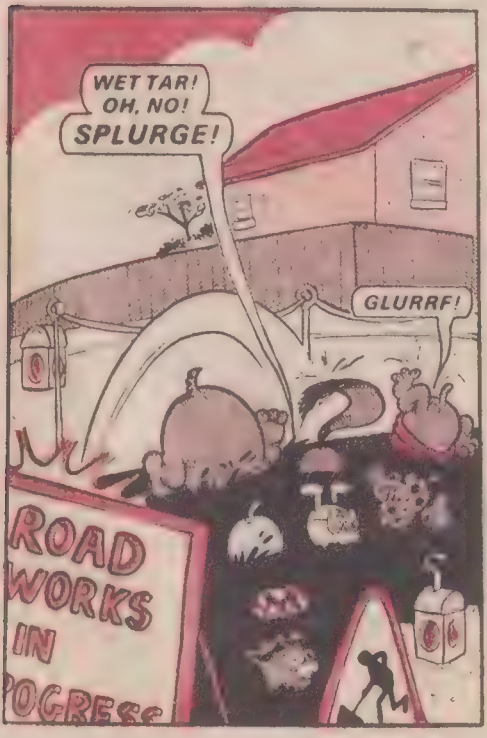

YAHOO!
WHEE!

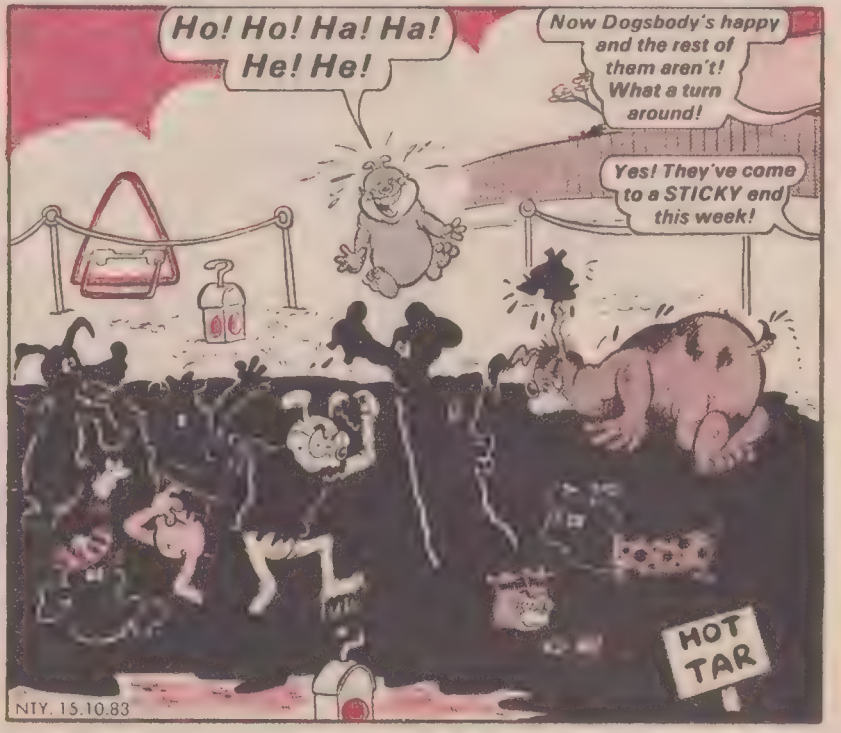
BUT—
Oh dear! We've only made him feel worse!
GROAN! MOAN!

AND—
CRIKEY! He's even reading his NUTTY without a single smile!
NUTTY

It's no use! We've tried, but Dogsbody can't be cheered up!


LOOK WHERE YOU'RE GOING, ROVERS!
STUMBLE
OOPS!
TRIP


WET TAR! OH, NO! SPLURGE!
GLURRF!
ROAD WORKS IN PROGRESS


Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha! He! He!
Now Dogsbody's happy and the rest of them aren't! What a turn around!
Yes! They've come to a STICKY end this week!
HOT TAR
NTY. 15.10.83

Daisy + Violet + Rose + Marigold =

The School Belles

DAISY
VIOLET
ROSE
MARIGOLD
Girls, today we're going birdwatching.
Yawn!
Bo-ring!
Yeuch!
Yippee! Goody, goody gumboils!
What a pain!
Hey, Miss! Would you like to see the biggest SWALLOW in the world?
That would be delightful, Violet.
SWALLOW!
How's that then, Miss? Marigold's very own swallow!
Enough of this nonsense! Come, walk this way!
I can't! My legs aren't like yours!
AND SOON—
Now keep quiet, girls. We don't want to scare our feathered friends off.
This birdwatching is strictly for the birds.
Excuse me, Miss! But there's a pile of beagles flying down the road!
Beagles? Oh, you mean eagles...
... And it's a flock not a pile! Anway, you don't get eagles around here.
Suit yourself, Miss! We're off!
Daisy did say beagles!
Aaargh!
NTY. 15.10.83

Clear off out of here, you birdbrain! You've spoiled a good hunt!
Not a feathered friend to be seen! We must be scaring them all away! But wait, I've an idea . . .
AND—
That's it, girls. We'll need plenty of branches.
What are these for?
Maybe it's a building society—they have a lot of branches!
THIRTY-THREE TREE-GATHERING MINUTES LATER—
Right, Girls, inside! The birds won't spot us now!
Isn't this thrilling?
I've had a better afternoon with the toothache!
Oh, look at the sparrows, Cynthia? And there's a lark!
Cooo!
Cor! Cynthia's beginning to sound like a pigeon.
Talking of LARKS . . .
. . . This should be a right one!
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
WRIGGLE!
Oh, look, Miss and Cynthia are flash-dancing!
Aaah! Help!
Get them off me!
There's a couple of rare birds! Ho! Ho!
Yeah! Must be RAVEN mad.
Dunno! sounded like OWLS of terror to me!
NTY. 15.10.83

NOT ON YOUR TELLY
THE FUNNY THINGS YOU WON'T SEE ON YOUR SCREENS!
But, Sarge. Fingerprints can't lie!
POLICE
What WERE the numbers on those false number plates you fitted, Bugsy?
LUIGI! How many more times must I call you? Your tea's ready!
Once upon a time . . .
You've seen my face before somewhere? I doubt it! I always have it with me!
Let's see your fishing licence, Laddie!
LOCH NESS
Hurry up, Butch, or I'll miss "Kojak"!

Cannonball Kid

HE'S FOOTBALL CRAZY

A PRE-MATCH SHOOT-IN—

You can pick this one out of the top corner, Fred.

No chance, Cannonball.

Blimey! He's done it!

Time to start! Better get the warm-up balls off the pitch.

Here's another one for the bag, coach.

Hey, that was right on target, Cannonball.

Yeah, my right leg's on form today!

Right, that's it settled then. You take ALL our free-kicks today!

No problem.

AND SO—

It's a free-kick, lads, so just leave it to the expert.

BUT—

Up there looks interesting. I'll have a quick look.

YEOW! I'VE BEEN STUNG!

OOF!

URF!

Cor, I don't believe it! It's gone in!

OOMPH!

The ref's out cold!

What will we do now?

GRR! It's our turn to take FREE-KICKS now.

Why? Has Cannonball gone?

READER'S VOICE

No, but the referee has—TO HOSPITAL! And we were winning.

OUCH!

NTY. 15.10.83

CUDDLES
'AT'S ME!
SHOE SHOP
You're going to get new bootees for the winter, Cuddles.
Me no wanna!
BUNNIKIN BOOTEE
Now lemme see . . .
At's what me wants— CLIMBING-BOOTS.
Me'll try 'em out.
Me's up here, Dad!
Well, ME wants you down here AT ONCE!
HOWL!
Coming down!
CRUNCH!
Do these boots pinch your toes, young sir?
Just when me kicks fings! Heh! Heh!
WHAP!
They look fine! I'll take them.
Hmmph! In 'at case . . .
You can have 'em—CATCH!
GLURK!
YEEK!
Grr! We're going home, child!
WAH-WAH!
Me wants climbing boots! Me wants climbing boots!
Listen, boy—you're going CLIMBING in those boots!
Eh?
Get going!
Humph! CLIMBING upstairs to bed early is not what me meant!

Printed and Published in Great Britain by D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS. © D. C. THOMSON & CO., LTD., 1983.